Wi Was euer wife ſo wretchedlie beſet, *Wif. alone*
Had not this newes ſtept in between, the point
Had offered violence to my breſt.
That which ſome women call greate miſery
Would ſhow but little heere: would ſcarce be ſeene
Amongſt my miſeries: I maie Compare
For wretched fortunes with all wiues that are,
Nothing will pleaſe him; vntill all be nothi ng.
He calls it ſlauery to be preferd.
A place of credit, a baſe ſeruitude.
What ſhall become of me, and my poore children,
Two here, and one at nurſe, my prettie beggers,
I ſee how ruine with a palſie hand
Begins to ſhake the auncient ſeat to duſt:
the heauy weight of ſorrow, drawes my liddes
Ouer my dankiſhe eies: I can ſcarce ſee,
Thus griefe will laſte, it wakes and ſleeps with mee.

Enter the Husband with the maſter of the Colledge.

Hu. Pleaſe you draw neer ſir, y'are exceeding welcome.

Ma. Thats my doubt, I fear, I come not to be welcome.

Huſ. yes howſoeuer.

Ma. Tis not my faſhion Sir to dwell in long circūſtance, but to be plain, and effectuali, therefore to the purpoſe.

The cauſe of my ſetting forth was pittious and lamentable, that hopefull young gentleman your brother, whoſe vertues we all loue deerelie through your default

default, and vnnaturall negligence lies in bond e
cuted for your debt, a priſoner all, his ſtudies ama
his hope ſtrook dead, and the pride of his youth m
fled in theis dark clowds of oppreſſion.

Hus. Hum, vm vm.

Mr. Oh, you haue kild the towardeſt hope of a
our vniueſitie: wherefore without repentance and
mends, expect pandorus and ſuddain Iudgements
fall grieuoſly vpon you, your brother a man who pr
fited in his diuine Imployments mighte haue ma
ten thouſand ſoules fit for heauen, now by your car
leſſe courſes caſte in priſon which you muſt anſwer
for, and aſſure your ſpirit it wil come home at length

Hu. Oh god oh.

Mr. Wiſemen think ill of you, others ſpeake i
of you, no man loues you, nay euen thoſe whome ho
neſty condemnes, condemne you: and take this from
the vertuous affection I beare your brother, neue
looke for proſperous hower, good thought, quie
ſleepes, contented walkes, nor any thing that make
man perfect til you redeem him, what is your anſwe
how will yov beſtow him, vpon deſperate miſerye, o
better hopes? I ſuffer, till I heare your anſwer.

Hu. Sir you haue much wrought with mee, I feele
you in my ſoule, you are your artes maſter.
I neuer had ſence til now; your ſillables haue cleft me
Both for your words and pains I thank you: I cannot
but acknowledge grieuous wronges done to my bro-
ther, mighty, mighty, mighty wrongs.
Within there,

Enter